

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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No. 1.

"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE BOSTON LYCEUM.

The Deserter.

On a wild and uncultivated spot in the Netherlands, stood a miserable and dilapidated tenement. It was the depth of winter, and there was nothing around it that looked like cultivation, unless the clearing away of a few trees, their black stumps still remaining, might be termed so; the snow lay in heavy masses on the roof, and the scraggy fir-trees bent beneath its weight. All was desolate, and except a small foot path round the house and the smoke from a chimney, it might have been viewed as a building that even poverty itself thought untenable. Yet within this miserable exterior was one room that bore every mark of comfort. It contained a neat bed, bureau, and carpet; a cheerful fire blazed on the large open hearth, near which was seated in an arm chair, a pale, emaciated woman, apparently in the last stage of a decline, and beside her on a low cricket a young girl, who sat anxiously watching her countenance, and attending to every want. As the wind howled against the little glass window, the only one that the house ever contained, the woman looked out and said in a low voice, "My poor Philip!"

"I wish," said the girl, caressingly, "he could look in upon us, and see how comfortable—and how happy we are," added she, after a pause.

"Happy!" repeated the woman, "yes I am happy; what mother could be otherwise with such a son! but can I forget that these comforts are purchased at the risk of his life?"

"My dear mother," said Bertha, "you know Philip always said he would be a soldier, and there never was a better time than now to fight, when every body says our cause is a just one, and then when he comes back so brave and beautiful, confess, mother, shall you not be proud of him?"

A glance at her mother's countenance struck distress to her heart; it said, I never shall see that time! she did indeed droop daily; the filial affection of the son had induced him to enlist as a soldier that he might provide his widowed and sick mother with the comforts of life; but his plan had been as imperfect as the short sighted plans of mortals often are, the very method he had taken to

prolong her life, was fast undermining it; her nights were restless and her sleep unrefreshing; the horrors of war were always present to her mind, every new fall of snow seemed to her like the winding sheet of her son, and she regularly awoke towards morning with a cold dew upon her forehead. An old and faithful domestic who had long resided with them, with the sagacity of nature rather than art, perceived her life was drawing to a close; little skilled in sensitive reserve, he expressed his opinion to the mother and daughter without disguise, and it was received with calmness by the one, but with the deepest anguish by the other. A few days passed by, and even Bertha became convinced, that if Philip did not return immediately, it would be too late. Impelled by this thought she hastily wrote him word that his mother's life was fast drawing to a close, and conjured him at all events to hasten home.—"if you come immediately," added she, "you may see her, delay but one hour, and that hour may be her last!"

Bertha waited with inexpressible anxiety after she had dispatched her letter for the arrival of her brother. It was on the eve of the second night that he reached their lonely dwelling. The sound of his approach had struck upon the ear of Bertha, she hastened to meet him and conduct him to his mother, who received him with joyful surprise, and as she folded him to her bosom felt that life had still its value. That night Bertha slept quietly by the side of her mother, and Philip took her place as nurse.

Bertier, the father, was an Englishman; he had been driven by misconduct and misfortune to a foreign country, and with his wife and two small children lived on the scanty pittance he had saved from the wreck of his fortune. In the wild spot he had chosen they excited but little observation. Madame Bertier was still in the first bloom of intellect and vigour; she was wholly ignorant that misconduct had any part in the exile of her husband, and she often wholly unconsciously tortured him by her consolation. "My dear Bertier," she would say when she saw him contending with the bitterness of his thoughts, "there is no calamity that cannot be borne but remorse; you have yet youth and the resources of your own mind; it is unworthy of you to sink under pecuniary misfortunes. Look at me, they have not withered my form or filled my heart with dismay; my spirit is still free to drink at the living fountain of life and joy."

But Madame Bertier's burden was light compared to that of her husband. His mind was unable to contend with the misery he had brought on himself, and he shrunk from personal hardships. He who had slept on beds of down, who had seen the star of knighthood glittering around him, was now an exiled wanderer! The thought was bitterness, and after a few years of gloomy and morose feeling he sunk a victim to consuming remorse.

Madame Bertier wept for her husband till hope and comfort crept in, in spite of herself. The exercise of duty and maternal tenderness invigorated her mind, she devoted herself to the instruction of her children, and though her situation afforded no mechanical aids for education, she contrived to press into her service every object around her, and every resource of her own intellect to enrich their minds and ennoble their hearts. The result was what might be expected: Philip and Bertha inhabited an ideal world, they formed romantic conceptions of their own capacities, and Philip panted for an opportunity of signaling a spirit which he believed was unconquerable.

It was not until the hand of poverty pressed heavily on them, that Philip began to realize he had something to do, besides hanging over his mother and sister with a sort of idleness. But he had no profession, no money, no patronage—the army was his only resource, and without consulting his mother he enlisted as a soldier; his bounty and pay had already secured to her a comfortable apartment, when he received his sister's letter.

It would be difficult to describe the agony of their meeting—Madame Bertier yet loved life, her heart still poured forth its tributary streams on all around her, and when she gazed on the manly form and finely marked features of her son, and recollected that for her sake he had enlisted as a soldier and was enduring hardship and suffering; when she felt his powerful arm now raising her languid form, now supporting her against his broad chest, and now with the tenderness of a woman smoothing her pillow, perhaps too much of Bertha's pride mingled with her gratitude.—For three days he devoted himself to his mother, listening to her dying precepts, and when she was unable to lie down, supported her in his arms. On the third night, when Bertha's faint breathing proved that she was asleep, Madame Bertier said, in low whispers to her son, "My dear Philip, I must acquit myself of a painful duty before I die, and I feel that my hours are numbered. Since your departure, I have found a letter that I ought sooner to have discovered. Prepare yourself my child, to read it; God save you from misfortunes that bring temptations with them, sometimes too mighty for feeble man to resist; yet if they must come hold fast your integrity. My child, my child, re-

member the anguish you have seen your father endure; it was not regret for the luxuries of life to which he had been accustomed, it was remorse. This paper contains the breathings of a wounded spirit.—Read it.

Madame Bertier laid her head back upon the pillow, and meekly folded her hands.—Philip took the lamp from the hearth and seated himself opposite to his mother. There was something deeply impressive in the scene.—Bertha lay in serene and healthful slumber; she had made over all the responsibility to her brother, and, exhausted by daily cares, her repose was deep and unbroken. Philip looked at his mother; her eyes were closed, her lips moved; in his hand he held the last testimony of his father; it was as if one came from the dead and spoke; thoughts of himself, bitter thoughts mingled with his emotions, and he prayed God to enable him to bear calamities too mighty for human strength. At length slowly unfolding the paper he read these words,

"TO ADELAIDE BERTIER.

"You have supported misfortune with heroism, you have felt indignant that I sunk under it, but now comes your task, and yet it cannot be equal to mine, for you are the injured. Adelaide when you married me I was a ruined man in fortune, that you knew, but you did not know that I fled from my country to avoid an ignominious exposure. My son may at some future day claim my patrimony. By flight I have saved my name from disgrace, that at least may be transmitted without reproach. I cannot enter into details, they are too painful. One dying injunction I leave to Philip, that he is never to apply to my family under any embarrassment of circumstances or character—but if he should win himself honors and a name, then let him claim the patrimony of his father."

Documents were enclosed in the letter directing him how to substantiate and prove his claims.

Philip leaned his head on his folded arms, and felt that the proud cold letter of his father was consistent with the spirit he had evinced. But another source of intense agony connected with himself, pressed upon his mind.

The voice of his mother roused him—he knelt by her bedside, but words, if he had any, died upon his lips, he was cold and motionless, and his high noble forehead, yet unsunned and unmarked by care, was pale and bloodless.

"Speak to me, my son," said she, "tell me the time will come, when you may realize your father's injunctions—when with Bertha in your hand you may present yourself as the descendant of a noble house. My boy, you have begun the race of honour—press on, and never let it be said that your mother in the indulgence of womanish weakness made you effeminate."

Her strength failed—Philip awoke Bertha, she sprang from her bed, and received her mother's blessing, though her eyes had closed—For one long hour the brother and sister watched by the bed-side, in the deep and solitary stillness of the night. The old domestic was called—he too sat gazing upon his mistress. Who has not witnessed in this world of death the last struggles between the soul and body? The long drawn breath, then the still frightful pause, and then another—but the last one came, and after the final conflict, she lay as if in peaceful slumber! A few moments were given to deep and awful contemplation, then Philip suddenly arose.

"Thank God," said he, "she is spared from heavier calamity than she has yet endured—Bertha I must begone."

"Begone!" exclaimed his sister, "why or wherefore? you cannot mean so."

He groaned aloud, he wrung his hands in agony, and striking his forehead, said, "it is for your sake I go."

"And what will become of me?" she exclaimed.

"Heaven only knows—if I stay, misery is certain." Then approaching the bed on which the body lay, he gave a long look, and folding Bertha in his arms, rushed from the house.—She heard not his retreating steps, for she lay insensible across the bed of death. When she roused herself, several men stood gazing upon the scene; it was life and death, youth and decay, blending before their time.

"Where is Philip Bertier?" said one of the men, "we are in pursuit of him."

"You cannot find him," replied Bertha wildly, "he has left me."

"Then he has served you as he has his colours," returned the soldier, "and doubly deserves to be shot as a deserter."

A strange thought entered the mind of Bertha. "You cannot find him," said she, "unless I deliver him to you." At this moment an officer entered—evidently of rank, and dressed in the Hanoverian uniform. He stopped and surveyed the scene with emotion. Bertha advanced, her bosom heaving with her project. "I know your errand," said she "and you shall have your victim on condition that you secure him from insult, and conduct him to a place of safety to await his trial."

"It is not customary to submit to conditions on these occasions," said the officer, "but I would not add to your distress—would I could alleviate it."

"Wait then," said Bertha, "at the next turning of the road but one quarter of an hour, and if Philip Bertier does not surrender himself, you may take what measures you please."

It was a wild and almost impracticable purpose that had entered the head of the young girl—she determined to dress herself in the discarded uniform of her brother, and endeavor

or to pass herself off for him. At any rate, she was certain that she might gain him time for his escape, which would be important.—She had been educated a creature of imagination, full of romantic and vivid conceptions, she stayed not to weigh consequences, but hastily putting on the uniform, and commending with floods of tears her mother's remains to the care of the old domestic, then kissing again and again the clay cold lips, she set out for the place appointed. The gray of the morning was still overshadowing every object, as she gazed on all around—one little hillock at the side of the house was marked by the mass of snow that lay upon it. "It is there," thought she, "my mother will rest in the grave with my father." As she pursued her way, she turned more than once to gaze on the spot; every object was desolate, and she felt new agony at the idea of leaving her mother alone. She almost forgot that it is only the living who feel desertion, that neither scorn nor injury strike on the "dull cold ear of death." When she arrived at the place, she was relieved to find the officer alone; incredulous to her intention of surrendering her brother, he had despatched the two soldiers in pursuit of him, and remained to wait the issue of her promise. Unfortunately for Bertha's plan, Philip was athletic and commanding, his dark hair and mustachios gave him a warlike expression; she was slight, fair and delicate—but she trusted the uniform and a large woolen wrapper for the deception, and putting the military cap over her eyes, and muffling the lower part of her face, she advanced with tolerable confidence. The deception appeared to be perfect. The officer received the deserter without a question, and Bertha was satisfied with the success of her project. They were obliged to walk a long way before they reached the waggon that was to convey them to the corps, to which Bertier belonged. Long before they arrived, Bertha's small feet and slender ankles almost refused to support her. The officer appeared to be moved with compassion by the youth, effeminacy, and even the sobs of the young soldier. Bertha wished to inquire what would be her destination—but she was conscious her only security was silence, and with downcast eyes she pursued her way. Once, as she broke through the crusted snow, the officer said, "I am more used to hardship than you are, you are welcome to hold my arm." Bertha made no reply.—When they arrived at the village where the waggon was waiting, the rumour had reached there of a deserter's being taken; a few people collected round the inn to gaze on the unfortunate object. The prospect of a violent death seems to give something sublime, even to common characters—and the man who is going to the gallows is much more interesting than any private act of munificence could have made him. The officer, mindful of his

promise, fiercely ordered the people to disperse, while he kindly assisted the tottering soldier to ascend the vehicle which stood at the door. Most scrupulously did Major Falkner (for this was the name of the officer) observe the conditions to which he had submitted. It was two days journey to their place of destination. When they arrived, the deserter was conveyed to a good looking house. "I will leave you," said the officer, "no one will enter your room without permission; but if you attempt to escape they have orders to secure you." "Alas!" said Bertha, almost forgetting, in the desolation of her feelings, her assumed character, "why should I wish to escape, I have now no friend but you!" The colour rushed to his face, but hastily turning away, he said, "Military measures require promptness; your trial will take place tomorrow morning. I will myself conduct you to the spot."

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

Clara Glenmurry,

BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.

"O, woman's love's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled, ne'er can die,
It lives, though injury and slight,
To quench the constant flame may try!
Like *ivy*, where it grows, 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green,
Like *ivy*, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a *worthless* thing."

Day was just closing in, when a travelling carriage entered a beautiful little village in one of the eastern states; the only occupant was a gentleman, whose attention was delightedly fixed on the surrounding scene. The spacious mansion, and the humble white-washed cottage, were promiscuously mingled—their casements brilliantly illumined by the beams of the setting sun; the fields of waving grain, the hills and woods seen in perspective, formed altogether a picture highly interesting to a lover of nature, and of rural scenery, as was the traveller just mentioned. The carriage had stopped at an inn, and the traveller was alighting, when his eyes were suddenly arrested by a funeral procession, which, issuing from a narrow lane, proceeded towards a church-yard at no great distance. The traveller followed almost unconsciously, for the group which headed the procession was so singularly contrasted with the few rustics who followed, that his curiosity, as well as interest, was excited. A gentleman of prepossessing appearance supported on his arm a tall and graceful female, whose countenance, as the stranger obtained a transient view, tho' pale as marble, wore an expression of dignified compassion. She, in her turn, supported the trembling steps of another female, in deep mourning, who hung upon her arm in all the helplessness of grief. The traveller continued to follow at a respectful distance. He

saw the coffin lowered into the grave—he heard the appalling sound of the earth rattling upon it; his heart was affected by the deep, loud sobs of her whom he supposed the widowed one, but his eyes, as if by enchantment, were fixed on her companion. There was in that countenance an expression of subdued sorrow and holy pity, which he felt could never be erased from his remembrance. As the procession left the church-yard, the traveller obtained a distinct view of the gentleman who supported the object of his attention; and recognised with surprise and pleasure, the countenance of his college companion and friend, *Walter Fairford*. The recognition was mutual, and Fairford knew at one glance his favorite *Frederick Eustace*. He silently presented his address, and a friendly pressure of the hand was all the notice which respect for his present situation permitted Eustace to give or claim. He saw his friend conduct the females to a small cottage, which stood at the termination of the lane before mentioned; and at an early hour the next morning, Eustace was seated in the study of his friend Fairford, listening to and making those inquiries, to which their long separation and unexpected meeting gave rise. Eustace informed his friend that he had spent several years in visiting the different countries of Europe, and had now returned with the intention of permanently settling in his native country. He learned, in return, that soon after their separation, his friend Fairford had married an amiable and lovely girl, who possessed his entire affection; that she was then with him, though a slight indisposition had prevented her appearing at that early hour. Fairford informed his friend, that they had occupied their present mansion only a short time, having lately purchased it for a summer residence. "And whose funeral were you attending last evening?" Eustace at length ventured to ask, "and who was that lovely female I saw leaning on your arm? I have thought of nothing else ever since!" "I am not surprised at that," answered Fairford, "for those who have once seen *Clara Glenmurry*, seldom forget her. The funeral was that of—but I may as well tell you the whole story, for I see I shall have an attentive auditor.

"The lady whom you saw last evening is *Clara Glenmurry*. She is cousin to my wife; they have always felt for each other the most perfect friendship. Soon after I became attached to *Frances*, she introduced me to her beautiful cousin, and I soon discovered that *Clara* possessed a noble mind and highly cultivated understanding, yet at times there was a shade of deep melancholy upon her expressive countenance, for which I could assign no cause, for to all appearances she was in possession of all those advantages and sources of enjoyment that are generally considered to bestow happiness. Her society was courted

by the rich, the gay, the virtuous, and the enlightened, yet it was evident some secret uneasiness was preying upon her spirits, and that she who seemed formed to bestow happiness on others, was not herself free from sorrow.—From Frances I learned what I wished to know, not from idle curiosity, but on account of the interest I felt for her lovely cousin. Clara resided with an uncle who idolized her. He was rich, and took delight in gratifying all her wishes. She was an orphan, and entirely dependant on him, and she repaid his kindness by all those sweet and endearing attentions which the young and guileless heart lavishes upon those it loves. The old gentleman had adopted into his family a youth whose name was *William Leslie*. He, also, was an orphan, and destitute of fortune. He was the son of an old friend of his generous patron, who divided his favors between him and Clara, and neither seemed disposed to be jealous of the other. From being almost constantly together, an attachment existed between them, which, begun in childish friendship, soon ripened into an affection—on her side, characterized by a tenderness and devotion which is rarely felt even by females: on his—but let the narrative show! he loved her, no doubt, but his nature was wavering and unsteady. At times he was all tenderness, and at others he would wound her sensitive feelings by some neglect or heedless witticism, and Clara, though far from wanting proper spirit, could only shed tears, for to him she could not resent. Leslie knew that he had only to appear penitent, and Clara's generous confidence was all his own. When at a proper age Leslie chose the profession of the law, his patron did every thing for his advancement. It is probable the old gentleman saw the attachment between him and Clara,—yet he took no means to counteract it. Leslie's profession obliged him to remove from the house of his worthy friend, and settle in a neighboring town. He visited them often, and drew from Clara, a promise, that if her uncle consented, she would unite her fate with his. Her cousin Frances was the confident of his attachment.

“A short time prior to our acquaintance, some unpleasant rumours relative to Leslie's conduct had reached the ears of his benefactor. Leslie's visits had become less frequent, and of shorter duration, and Clara's heart was deeply wounded. Yet she could not believe him capable of dissimulation, and was willing to credit his assertions that business only kept him from her. The rumours that had reached them were soon confirmed. Leslie's habits were irregular—he neglected his profession, and spent most of his time in pursuits which could reflect no credit on himself or friends. I was then married to Frances; and though my acquaintance with Leslie had not been of long standing, my wife, anxious for the happiness of her friend, entreated me to see him,

and in a friendly manner warn him that the loss of his patron's favor and Clara's love, must be the inevitable consequence of the conduct he was pursuing. I could not refuse to grant a request, urged in such a manner and from such a motive. Clara had won my perfect esteem by her sweetness and intelligence, and I felt that if any interference of mine could preserve her from sorrow, no false delicacy ought to deter me from it. I saw Leslie, and in as delicate a manner as possible, I hinted at the reports concerning him, which had given some uneasiness to his venerable friend;—I mentioned Clara—her high sense of rectitude, and the sensitive delicacy of her character: he appeared startled—thanked me for the friendly part I had acted, but declared it was all a mistake—the rumours erroneous. The next day he visited his patron, and contrived by well directed discourse to impress on his mind that he mingled in promiscuous society, more from its being necessary for him to do so in his profession, than from inclination. That he never was so happy as when with him and Clara, and that he hoped no idle reports would have power to deprive him of the esteem of those so dear to him. Clara believed his assertions, yet still she felt anxious and unhappy. Leslie was now in a very lucrative business, yet he neglected to claim the promise made him by her unsuspecting love: her delicacy was wounded, but her pride enabled her to appear unconscious of his neglect. In short, not to make my narrative too tedious, month after month passed away—Leslie came less frequently, and his partial benefactor was forced to think that the son of his adoption, had become unmindful of the friend who had raised him to independence. Poor Clara! she seldom spoke of him except to Frances, and then her tenderness would scarcely suffer her to blame him. The truth was, Leslie had swerved from the path of rectitude, and he felt it irksome to be in the society of his worthy old friend, and his high-minded Clara, whose esteem he could retain only in proportion as he succeeded in deceiving them. He still loved Clara, but his weak and wavering disposition led him into errors, and his love was not that ennobling and dignified sentiment which purifies the heart, and leaves no room or wish for less exalted pleasures. I was informed by undoubted authority, that he frequented the gaming table—and once more at the entreaty of my wife, I ventured to hint to him the risk he ran of irretrievably injuring himself, and ruining the peace of those whose happiness ought to be dear to him. Leslie was changed—he heard me with less kindness than formerly, and at length gave me to understand that he considered my interference impertinent and unnecessary. It was evident that avarice was not among Leslie's faults; for not even the prospect of sharing with Clara the ample fortune of her uncle, could deter him from his

follies. Perhaps, however, he imagined he could at any time regain his place in her heart, even should his neglect have weakened her affection—of that affection he had, indeed, undoubted proof, for he knew that she had refused several offers for his sake. Clara carefully concealed from her uncle every circumstance that could have a tendency to prejudice him against his erring favorite. The old gentleman's health had become very infirm, and in tender and ceaseless assiduities to the invalid, poor Clara tried to lose the remembrance of her more poignant sorrow. Leslie heard of his illness, and came often to see him. In these visits his tenderness for Clara seemed to be renewed, and she fondly indulged the delusive hope that he might yet be weaned from his follies. Her uncle's health declined rapidly—a few hours before his death he informed the weeping girl that he had made a will, by which he had constituted her his sole heir-ess. Clara mentioned William Leslie, and the dying man replied, "It was always my intention to have left Leslie part of my fortune—I have long seen the attachment between you;—if Leslie is deserving, you will at the expiration of a year, share your fortune with him by making him your protector: if not, it is best as it is; my Clara will never marry a man who is undeserving of her." Clara's grief for the death of her uncle was deep and lasting. The infatuated Leslie resumed his former dangerous habits. She seldom saw him—she came to reside with us, and if I before esteemed, I now almost venerated her, for the many traits of benevolence and noble feeling which I observed in her character. (*Concluded in our next.*)

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

Joseph Haydn.

This celebrated composer was born of low parentage, at Rhorau, in Austria, in 1733. At an early age he was received into the choir of the cathedral in Vienna. He afterwards got his living by teaching music, and by composition. In 1791, he went to England, and published several of his works; in consequence of which the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. In 1796 he returned to Germany, where he commenced his sublime oratorio of "The Creation," and "The Seasons," and died in 1809. His works are very numerous and valuable. While Haydn was in England, a ship-captain entered his chamber one morning: "You are Mr. Haydn?" "Yes." "Can you make me a march to enliven my crew? You shall have thirty guineas; but I must have it to-day, for to-morrow I start for Calcutta." Haydn agreed; the seaman left him; the composer opened his piano, and in a quarter of an hour the march was written.

Haydn appears to have had a delicacy, rare among the musical birds of prey and passage, who go to feed on the unweildly wealth of England; he thought so large a sum, for a labour eventually so slight, a species of plunder—came home early in the evening, and made two other marches, in order to allow the liberal seaman his choice, or to give them all to him. At daybreak the purchaser came—"Where is my march?" "Here try it on the piano." Haydn played it. The captain counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took up the march, and went down stairs. Haydn ran after him; "I have made two others, both better, come up and hear them, and take your choice." "I am satisfied with the one I have." The captain still went down. "I will make you a present of them." The captain went down only the more rapidly, and left Haydn on the stairs. Haydn, from one of those motives not easily defined, determined on overcoming this singular self denial. He immediately went to the exchange, ascertained the name of the ship, made a roll of his marches, and sent them, with a polite billet, to the captain on board. He was surprised at receiving, shortly after, his envelope, unopened from the Englishman, who had judged it to be Haydn's. The composer tore the whole in peices on the spot. The anecdote is of no great elevation; but it expresses peculiarity of character; and certainly neither the captain nor the composer could have been easily classed among the common, or the vulgar of men. Haydn soon adopted the custom of shopping, and frequently wandered in the morning from house to house of the music-sellers. He used to mention his dialogue with one of those persons. He had inquired for any particularly good music, "you are come exactly at the right time," was the shopkeeper's answer, "for I have just printed off Haydn's sublime music." "Oh! as for that, I will have nothing to do with it." "How, sir, nothing to do with Haydn! what fault is to be found with it?" "Oh! fault enough; but there is no use in speaking about it now; it does not please me, show me something else." The music-seller who was an enthusiast about Haydn's compositions, looked at the inquirer, "No, sir, I have other music, no doubt, but it is not fit for you," and turned his back upon him. Haydn was going out of the shop, laughing, when he met an acquaintance coming in, who pronounced his name. The music-seller, whose vexation had revived with the sound, turned round and said, "yes, sir, here is a gentleman who actually does not like that great man's music." The mistake was of course soon cleared up, and the person was known, who alone might presume to object to Haydn's music.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A Useful Lesson.—It is in the recollection of of persons now living, that a man announced his intention of performing on the stage the wonderful undertaking of *making a shoe in a minute*, completed in all its parts. The Theatre was thronged to suffocation; but who can describe the mingled rage and wonder, when, instead of a broad calf skin, to be dissected in the regular way, the Coblerian Professor produced his leather in the shape of a boot, and holding it up to their astonished eyes, addressed the audience thus;—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this, you perceive, is a boot; but now—(said he, cutting off the top and making two slits for the latches)—you see it is—a shoe?" That modesty which always accompanies exalted merit would not permit him to wait for the plaudits of his hearers; he had already secured the profits of the night, and justly considering that he had fully performed his engagements, by teaching them a very useful lesson, he wished them a good night, and immediately decamped!—*Philomatic Journal*.

Aboriginal Character.—As an Indian was straying through a village on the Kennebec, he passed a gentleman standing at his store door, and begged a piece of tobacco. The person stepped back, and selected a generous piece, for which he received a gruff "tank you," and thought no more of the affair. Three or four months afterwards, he was surprised at an Indian's coming into the store, and presenting him with a beautiful miniature birch canoe, painted, and furnished with paddles to correspond. On asking the meaning of it, he was told—"Indian no forget; you give me tobacco—me make this for you." This man's gratitude for a trifling favor had led him to bestow more labor on his present than would have purchased him many pounds of his favorite fumigatory.—*Boston Spectator*.

Military Discipline.—A militia soldier in the state of Rhode-Island being blamed by his captain for having no lock to his gun, tied a padlock to it.

Ned Shuter, the Comedian.—Ned was often very poor, and being more negligent than poor, was careless about his dress. A friend overtaking him one day in the street said to him, "Why Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings, why don't you get them mended?" "No, my friend," said Ned, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman you will act like me, and walk with twenty holes rather than have one darn." "How!" replied the other, "how do you make that out?" "Why,"

replied Ned, "a hole is the accident of the day; and a darn is premeditated poverty."

SUMMARY.

Sir John Copley, who has risen to such distinction in England, and is now *Lord Chancellor*, is a native of Boston, and is the son of our justly celebrated painter, the late *John Singleton Copley*, R. A.—*B. Spectator*.

Suicide.—A Coroner's inquest was held yesterday morning over the body of a man named *Leman Barnum* who was found suspended to a post set down to mark the boundaries of the gaol liberties. The verdict of the jury was that he had hung himself in a fit of insanity.

Literary.—It is stated that Mr. Cooper, author of the *Spy*, *Pioneers*, &c. will publish in the ensuing Fall another novel, entitled the "*Red Rover of the Sea*."

We understand that Mr. Carter of the New-York Statesman, is about to publish such parts of his letters from Europe, as he thinks worthy of preservation. About one third of the proposed work has not been before the public.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

In conformity to our promise we present our Patrons with the first number of the Fourth Volume of the Repository. We feel confident, that we shall be able to render our paper a valuable visiter to all classes of community who are disposed to spend an hour in rational amusement, receiving through the medium of periodical works that general information which such papers are designed to convey. We have zealously avoided all Political and Religious discussions, and shall carefully continue to avoid all remarks on either subject, that would tend in any degree to wound the feelings of our Patrons. Living in a land of FREEDOM and enjoying the Liberty of the Press, each existing system, whether of civil policy or spiritual government, has its champions, supporters and defenders to whom we leave the guardian duty of discussing the merits of the different opinions existing in our land—Ours is the humble province of preparing a "feast of reason" spreading the table with VIANDS gathered with care from Books of Travels; the choicest Tales, calculated to inspire the reader with the love of virtue—Sketches of celebrated characters worthy of imitation—and from those Poetic effusions which can enkindle in the heart the fire of sympathy and love; diffuse o'er the countenance the divine radiance of heaven, and moisten the eye with the tear of benevolence and grateful affection. Pursuing this path we labor to be serviceable to all who are disposed to patronize our paper, leaving to every one the full enjoyment of all they hold most dear, whether Religious or Political, never calling upon them to peruse sentiments in opposition to what they have imbibed as truth. We aim at nothing more than to persuade the youth of our land to the practice of virtue and the laudable emulation of what is praise worthy and enobling. We seek to excite in their hearts a love for Literature and a desire to obtain useful knowledge. These ends gained, we shall feel ourselves amply repaid.

MARRIED,

In this city on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gano, the Rev. John N. Brown, formerly of this city, to Miss Mary H. Skinner, daughter of H. P. Skinner, merchant, of this city.

At Rochester, Mr. John T. Talman, of Rochester, to Miss Maria Antoinette Livingston, daughter of the late Henry Gilbert Livingston, of New-York.

DIED,

In Albany, on Sunday the 27th ult. at the early age of 20 years, of a pulmonary affection, Capt. Warren B. Cruttenden, son of Mr. Leveret Cruttenden, formerly of this city.

At Livingston, on the 1st inst. Helen daughter of John McKinstry, aged 2 years and 10 months.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
TO ALCANZOR,

On reading his piece in No. 24, Vol. iii. of the Repository.

My days of youth were calm and bright,
And tranquil as a summer's even;
But soon they sank in endless night,
And sped for ever from my sight,
By sorrow's chilling tempests driven.

I had a friend, whose cheerful brow
Told ever of his happy bosom;
His joyous heart was free from wo—
His tears had ne'er been forc'd to flow—
But soon death nipp'd the tender blossom.

And can I cease to weep when one
Whom I have known in days of gladness,
Has to his last sad dwelling gone,
And left me here to breathe alone,
And shed alone my tears of sadness.

If stern Philosophy could reign,
And mingle in each human feeling,
Then man might bear his greatest pain,
And still from pining might refrain,
While that was each soft throb congealing.

But it is vain—ah, vain indeed,
When ev'ry tender tie is riven;
When, at each pore, our bosoms bleed,
To joy, when friends from earth are freed,
Although we hope to meet in heaven.

HENRY.

LINES

Written in the first page of an Album presented to a Lady.

To these fair pages every friend
A tributary verse shall lend,
Which sweet remembrances of love,
Affection and esteem shall prove;
With tremulous hand the hoary sage,
With wisdom's rules shall fill a page;
While youthful ardour, shall aspire,
With tales of love, to sound the lyre,
But none will here insert a line
Whose Friendship can compare with mine.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Ay, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief!
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell.

Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and still!"

"Was the voice I heard thy voice, O Death?
And is my day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with Victory's cheer?"

Banners shall float with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die;
And the palm tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—
Death! Death! I fear thee not."

"Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride!
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of Victory's tide?

It may be far from the steel-clad bands
That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine!

It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold—
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold."

"Death! Death! I go to a doom unblest,
If indeed that this must be!
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee!

Sound, clarion, sound! for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine;
I bow myself to the will of Heaven,
O Death! and not to thine!"

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Umbrella.

PUZZLE II.—Because he makes *Bulls*.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Just emblem of the fickle mind,
My airy measures change as wind;
Devious from clime to clime I range,
True only to perpetual change;
Now the fainting traveller's aid,
Calmly I spread the grateful shade;
Fair light sits smiling on my brow,
And through my form new beauties glow;
And now with threatening darkness crown'd,
Dread and dismay I deal around;
Bid the rude torrent sweep the earth,
And, bellowing red-wing'd fury forth,
In the dire work of death engage,
While black destruction speaks my rage.
Again my softening aspect clears,
Pale man recovers from his fears:
And now my deep-mouth'd terror's o'er
I vanish, and am seen no more.

II.

What is that, which, though your own, is seldom used
by you, but is very often, and without asking your per-
mission, used by all your acquaintances?

Any persons wishing to have their volumes made up
can be supplied with the deficient numbers; and those
who wish for the Third Volume can be furnished, if ap-
plied for soon.

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